GOTHIC BLIMP WORKS

NO. 4

35¢

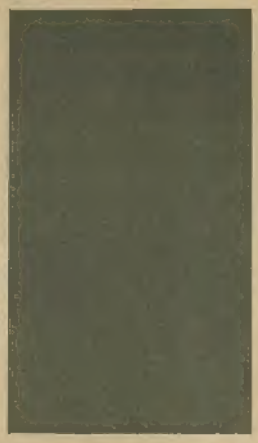
Nard n' Pat
HEY LOOK KITTY-KAT! A GEN-YOO-WINE FORTUNE TELLIN' GYPSY STORE-FRONT LADY! LET'S GIT OUR PALMS READ.
SURE BOSS. WHY NOT?!
PALMS READ
SURE LOOKS DARK AN' SPOOKY... HEY! IS ANYBODY HOME?!
?
WHO EES EET? VOT DOES YOU VANT?
ER NOTHIN'... I MEAN... THAT IS... WE CAME TA GIT OUR PALMS READ.
AH! ZEN YOU MUST CROSS MY PALM WEET' SEELVAR.
HERE YA' GO. FORTUNE TELLIN' GYPSY STORE-FRONT LADY. AN' IF MY FORTUNE IS ANY GOOD I'LL EVEN THROW IN TH' LONE RANGER!
?
LET ME ZEE NOW... DEES LINE MEANS YOU EES A CREEP. DEES LINE SEZ YOU EES A GOOF... AND DEES LINE SHOWS DAT YOU EES A WIZE GUY, NOT MOOCH ELSE.
!
NOW YOUR KEETY-KAT'S PALM EES FAR MORE PROMEESEENG. HEES LINES REVEAL HEEM TO BE SUAVE... DEBONAIRE... WEETY... PORCEPTIVE... AND HE WEEL SOON COME EENTO SOME BEEG MONEY!
YA' DON'T SAY.
GOSH. COULD YA' RE-CHECK MY FUTURE IN YER CRYSTAL BALL?
NO CHANCE KEED.
NO TIME. MY BOWLINK LEAGUE MEETS EEN TEN MEENEETS.
JAYZEY LYNCH
?
THE END

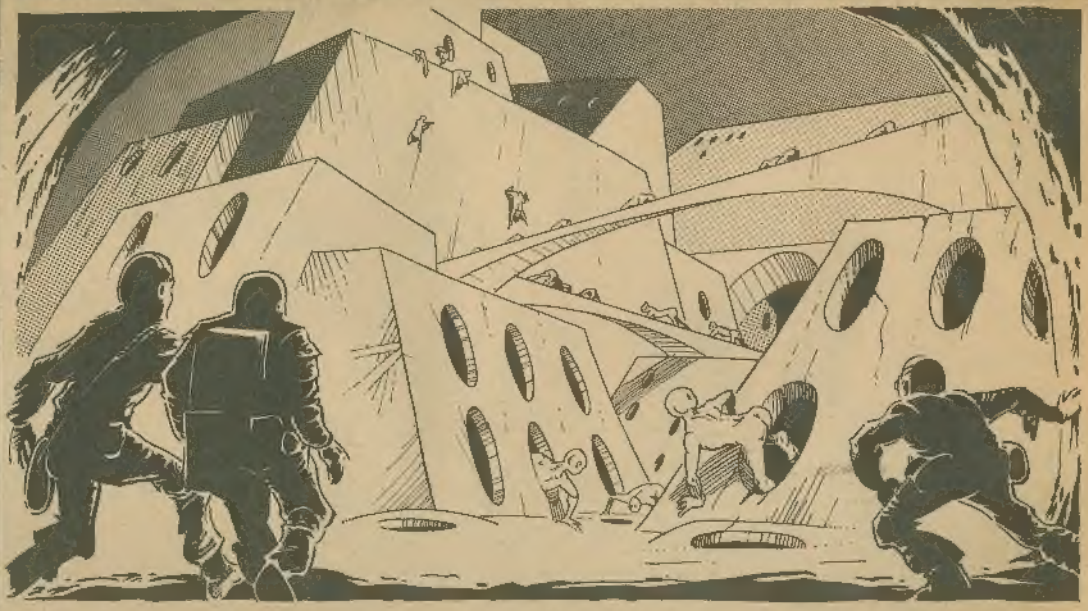
PROPHET

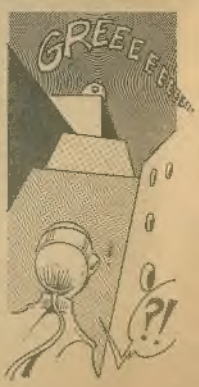
BY BHOB + HAMA

mal-ig.

by Mathews







&
SCREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE...

the Adventures of ISADORE

By Steve Stiles and Dick Lupoff

ON a busy STREET.....

...My God...

My God...

...WHY HAST THOU...

...FORSAKEN US...

EAT

©LUPOFF & STILES

CAPITALIST BRUTALITY DEHUMANIZES the STRUGGLING WORKERS....

WISH I WAS A SPACEMAN!

TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP

JA SEE TH' MORNING TV NEWS?

YEAH! GOD DAM TROUBLE MAKIN' KIDS!

DEY NEED A GOOD SCRUBBIN' AN' A GOOD HAIRCUT!

NO DEY DON'T! DEY NEED A GOOD SMASHIN! YEAH!

SMASH

HEY, ISADORE WHADDA YOU THINK?

M-MAYBE TH-THEY'RE TRYING T-TO TELL US S-SOMETHING BRAD.

NAH, NOT A CHANCE! YOU'RE TOO SOFT ON PUNKS, IZZY! DEY'RE JUST PUNKS!

AWRITE YOU GUYS! LET'S GET SOME WORK OUTTA HERE!

OR IN COMES MODEL 395 AND OUT YOU GOES!

AH.

SOMEHOW, FIVE O'CLOCK COMES.

ISADORE WANDERS AIMLESSLY...

DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MYSELF. GUESS I'LL JUST WANDER AIMLESSLY.

AS WORLD DICTATOR, I HEREBY COMMAND

...HEY, MAN! ...YOU A FAG?

HEY, FAG!

LAW and ORDER

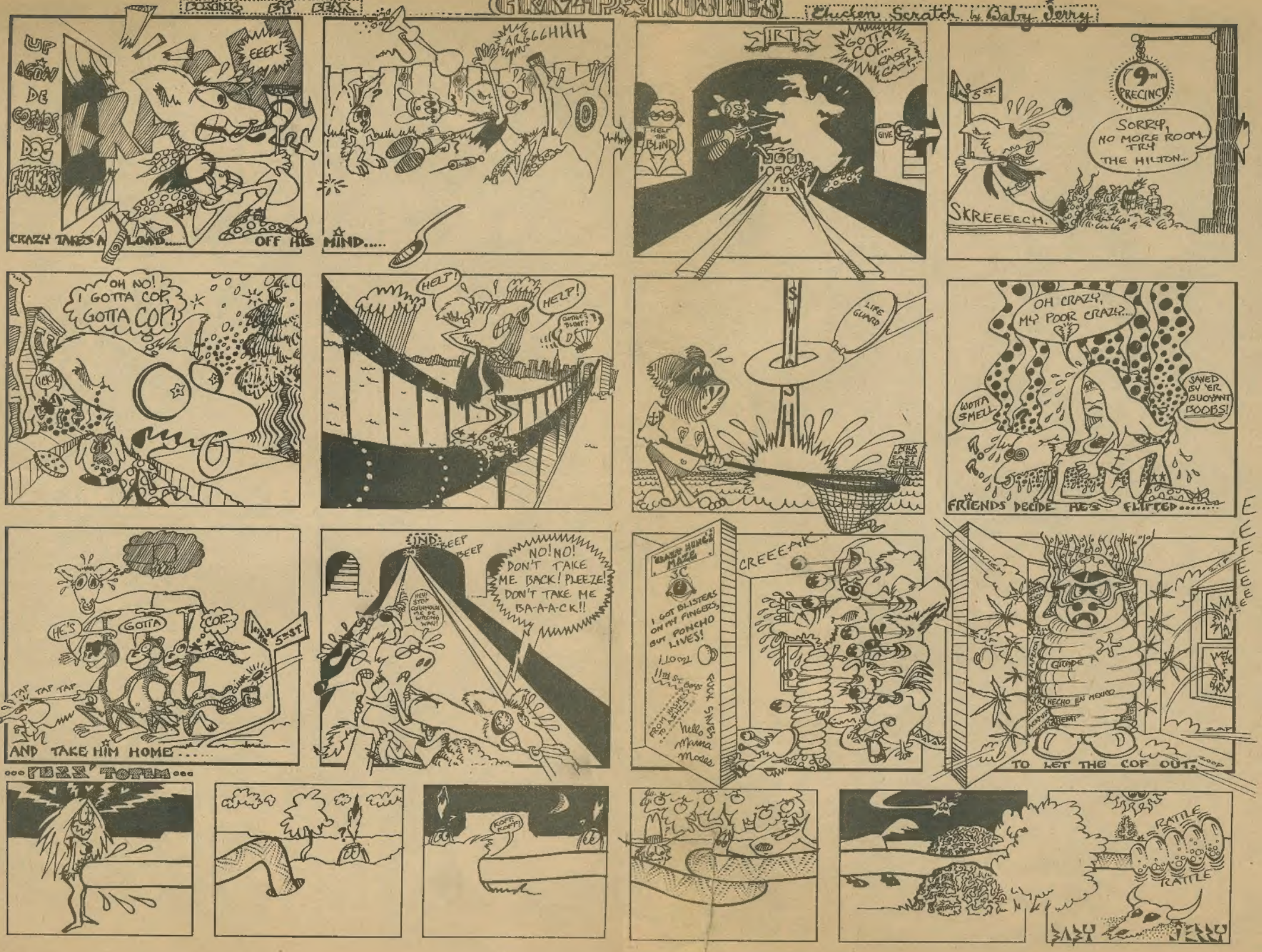
HIT

KICK!

TO BE CONTINUED...DON'T MISS IT IF YOU CAN.

CRAZY RUSHES

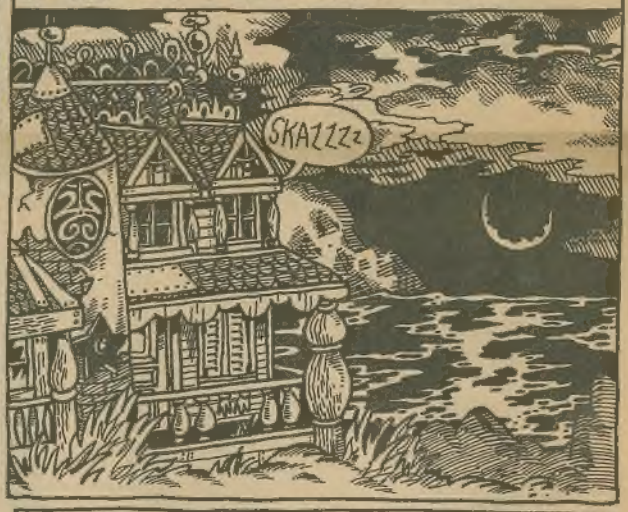
Chicken Scratch by Baby Jerry



BOOGIE BOOGIE HORROR YARN

WILFRED FLANCE, WORLD FAMOUS HOAX EXHUMER AND ETHNO-RESEARCHIST WAS ASLEEP ONE NIGHT..

HIS MANSION, ALTHOUGH STARTING TO ROT AND CRUMBLE, WAS IDEALLY LOCATED ON THE EDGE OF THE MURKY GOOLUZZIAN SEA....



THOUSANDS OF GOOLUZZIAN SEA SAMPLES, MUSTY TOMES, AND OBTUSE APPARATUS FILLED FLANCES BASEMENT LABORATORY.. FOR YEARS HE HAD VAINLY ATTEMPTED TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF THE HORRID TIDE MONSTER..

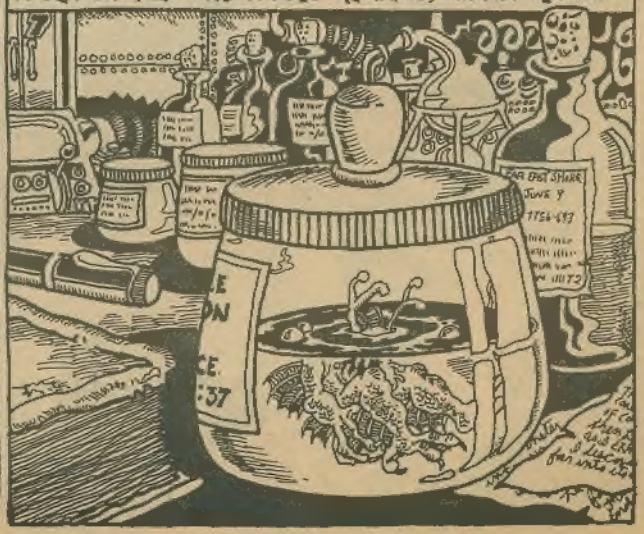
WHILE FLANCE SLEPT, HIS BEAUTIFUL BUT STRANGE ASSISTANT, FATIMA, KEPT WATCH OVER THE MANSION AND GUARDED HIS SLUMBER FROM INTRUSION...

MEANWHILE OUTSIDE, THE LOATHSOME TIDE MONSTER EMERGED FROM THE STINKING INKY WATER...

THE HIDEOUS CREATURE, OOZING SLIME ALL THE WAY, CREPT TO FLANCE'S MANSION, WHERE UPON IT BURST THROUGH THE DOOR! FATIMA EMPTIED HER AUTOMATIC INTO IT BEFORE BEING ENGULFED BY ITS PUTRID MAW..

THE ODIOUS TIDE MONSTER THEN BROKE INTO FLANCE'S ROOM! HE AWOKE IN COLD HORROR AS IT LANDED UPON HIS BED, SECONDS LATER HE WAS MUSH IN ITS FOUL GULLET!

AS FATIMA AND WILFRED WERE BEING DIGESTED DEEP IN THE DISGUSTING CHURNING GUTS OF THE TIDE MONSTER, ANOTHER ONE GREW DOWNSTAIRS INSIDE A SEA SAMPLE... NO RIDDLE REMAINS, MISTER FLANCE..



Star Child

A TALE of WONDER

M.W. Kaluta

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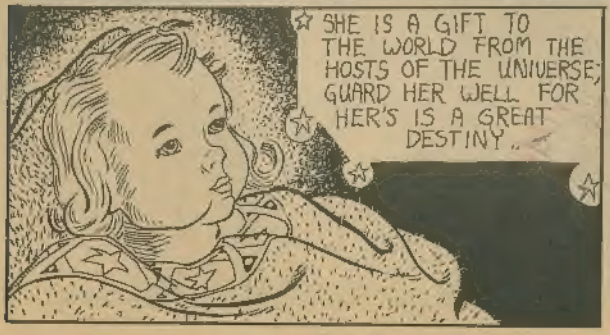
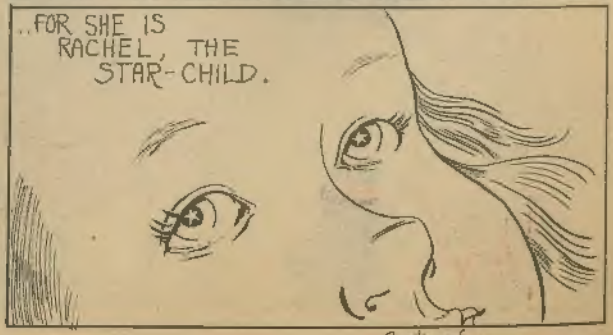
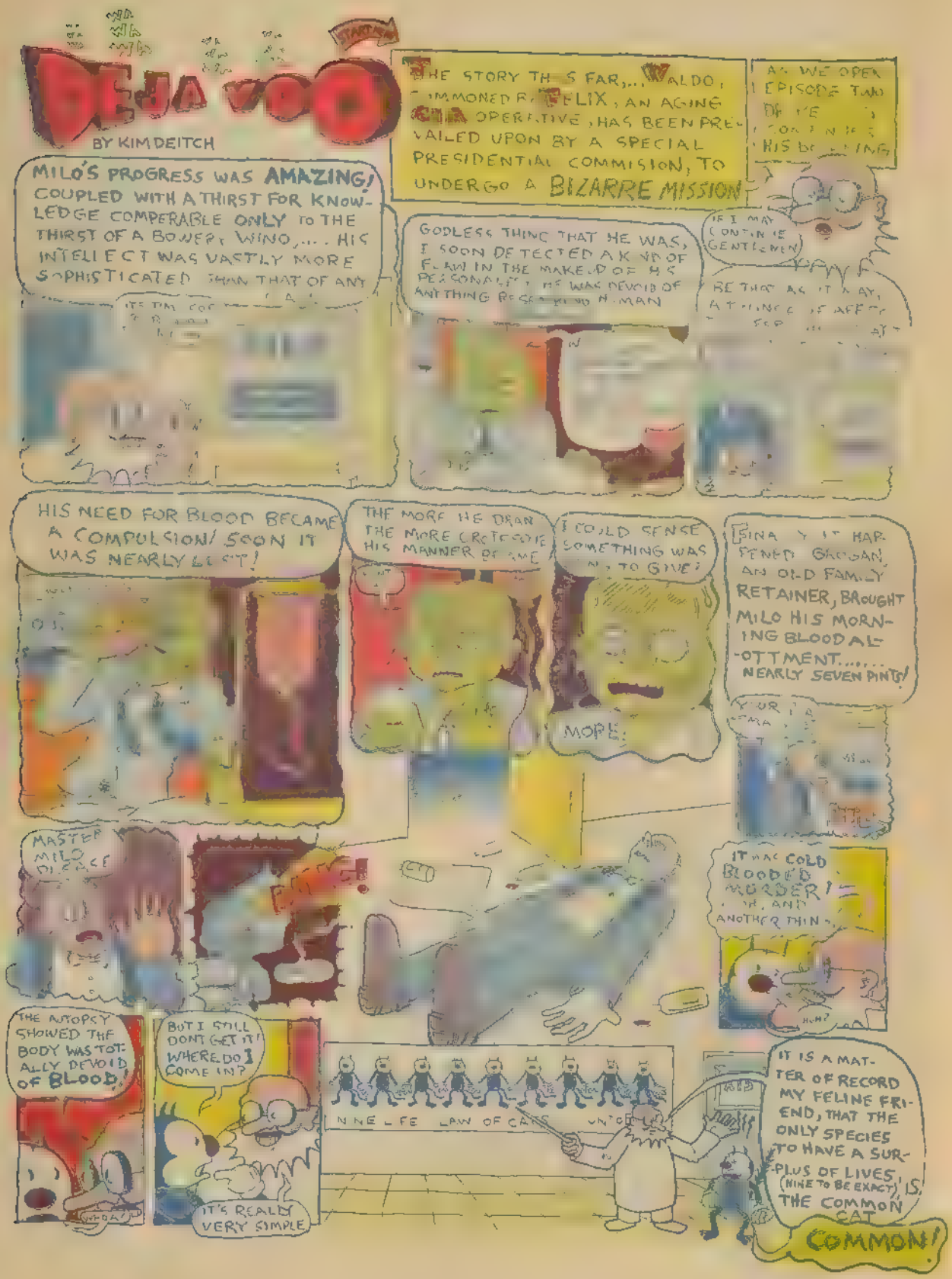
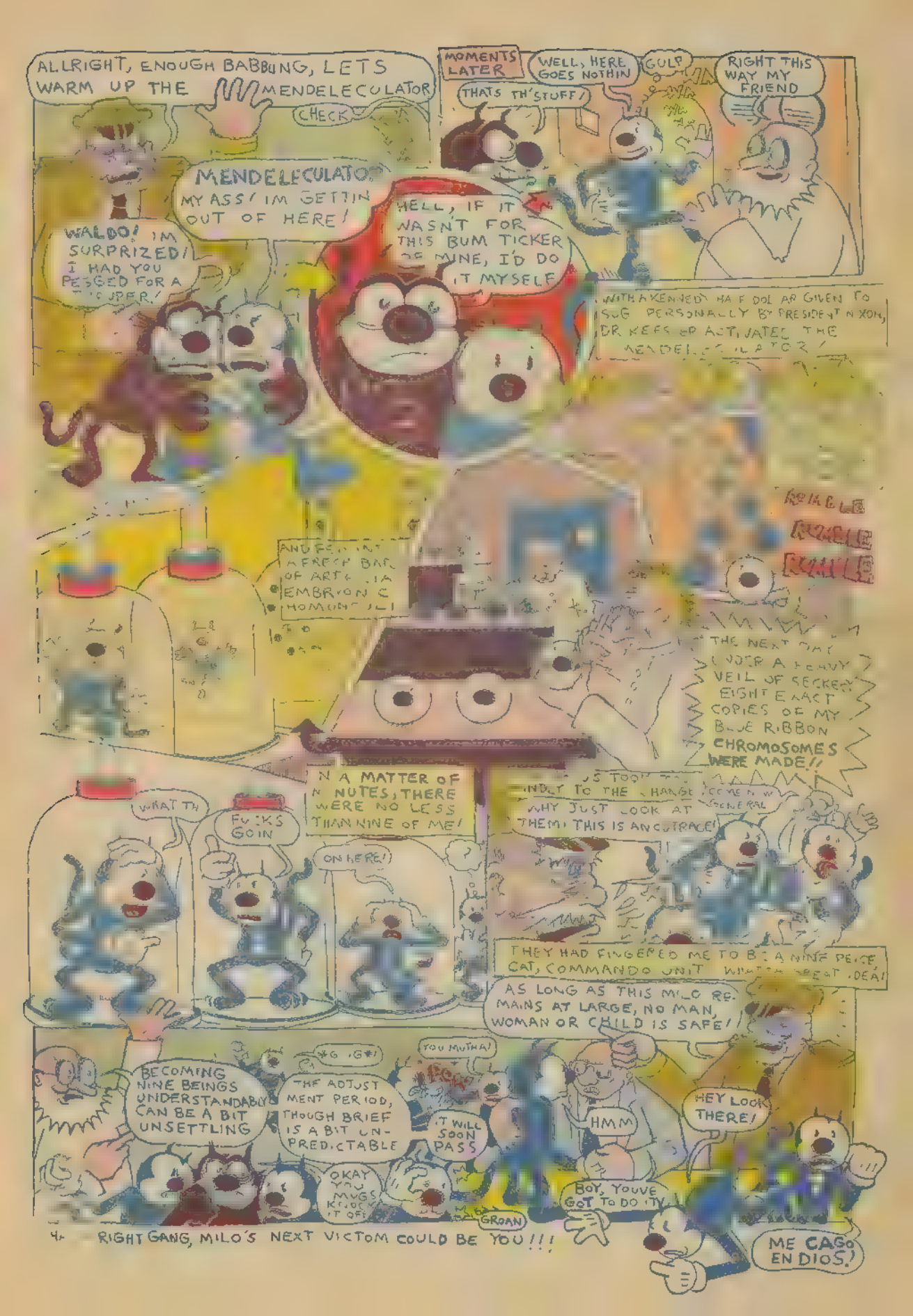




Continued ...

ADVENTURE 1
THE GHOUL TAKES A TRIP
BUSY BOXES
HEY GIRLIE WANNA TAKE A TRIP....
HUH?
A TRIP
GUESS I'LL REST HERE AND EXPLORE LATER.....
...CONTINUED LATER


DEJA VOO
BY KIM DEITCH
THE STORY THUS FAR,... WALDO, SUMMONED BY FELIX, AN AGING CIA OPERATIVE, HAS BEEN PREVAILED UPON BY A SPECIAL PRESIDENTIAL COMMISION, TO UNDERGO A BIZARRE MISSION
AS WE OPEN EPISODE TWO DEJA VOO, WALDO CONTINUES HIS BRIEFING
MILO'S PROGRESS WAS AMAZING! COUPLED WITH A THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE COMPERABLE ONLY TO THE THIRST OF A BOWERY WINO,.... HIS INTELLECT WAS VASTLY MORE SOPHISTICATED THAN THAT OF ANY
GODLESS THING THAT HE WAS, I SOON DETECTED A KIND OF FLAW IN THE MAKEUP OF HIS PERSONALITY. HE WAS DEVOID OF ANYTHING RESEMBLING HUMAN
IF I MAY CONTINUE GENTLEMEN
BE THAT AS IT MAY, ATTENDING OF AFFECTS
HIS NEED FOR BLOOD BECAME A COMPULSION! SOON IT WAS NEARLY LEGAL!
THE MORE HE DRANK THE MORE CROCODILE HIS MANNER BECAME
I COULD SENSE SOMETHING WAS ON TO GIVE!
MORE!
FINALLY IT HAPPENED GRADUALLY. AN OLD FAMILY RETAINER, BROUGHT MILO HIS MORNING BLOOD ALLOTMENT..... NEARLY SEVEN PINTS!
YOUR FAMILY
MASTER MILO DEFENCE
BLOOD!
IT WAS COLD BLOODED MURDER! AND ANOTHER THING
HUH?
THE AUTOPSY SHOWED THE BODY WAS TOTALLY DEVOID OF BLOOD!
BUT I STILL DONT GET IT! WHERE DO I COME IN?
IT'S REALLY VERY SIMPLE
NINE LIVES LAW OF CATS UNTOUCHABLE
IT IS A MATTER OF RECORD MY FELINE FRIEND, THAT THE ONLY SPECIES TO HAVE A SURPLUS OF LIVES (NINE TO BE EXACT), IS THE COMMON CAT
COMMON!


ALLRIGHT, ENOUGH BABBLING, LETS WARM UP THE MENDELECULATOR
CHECK
MENDELECULATOR MY ASS! IM GETTIN OUT OF HERE!
WALDO! IM SURPRIZED! I HAD YOU PEGGED FOR A SUPER!
HELL, IF IT WASN'T FOR THIS BUM TICKER OF MINE, I'D DO IT MYSELF
MOMENTS LATER
THATS TH'STUFF!
WELL, HERE GOES NOTHIN
GULP
RIGHT THIS WAY MY FRIEND
WITH A KENNEDY HALF DOLLAR GIVEN TO SUG PERSONALLY BY PRESIDENT NIXON, DR. KEFS GOT ACTIVATED THE MENDELECULATOR!
ROMBLE
ROMBLE
ROMBLE
THE NEXT DAY UNDER A HEAVY VEIL OF SECRECY EIGHT EXACT COPIES OF MY BLUE RIBBON CHROMOSOMES WERE MADE!!
IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, THERE WERE NO LESS THAN NINE OF ME!
WHAT TH
FUCKS GOIN
ON HERE!
WHY JUST LOOK AT THEM! THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!
THEY HAD FINGERED ME TO BE A NINE PEICE CAT, COMMANDO UNIT
AS LONG AS THIS MILO REMAINS AT LARGE, NO MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD IS SAFE!!
BECOMING NINE BEINGS UNDERSTANDABLY CAN BE A BIT UNSETTLING
THE ADJUSTMENT PERIOD, THOUGH BRIEF IS A BIT UNPREDICTABLE
YOU MUTHA!
POW
IT WILL SOON PASS
HMM
HEY LOOK THERE!
OKAY YOU MUGS KNOCK IT OFF
GROAN
BOY, YOUVE GOT TO DO IT
RIGHT GANG, MILO'S NEXT VICTOM COULD BE YOU!!!
ME CAGO EN DIOS!

HOTTEN-TOTTEN, ROOTIN-TOOTIN
GALLABANG GALLOOP-HOLE
THIS LOOP HOLE DEDICATED TO OUR NATIONAL SPACEMEN! THE GRATEFUL DEAD
LIKE THE SKYS ARE NOT CLOSED
TODAY!
MORE
MORE
STOP AT THE WATERLINE!
BILGEBOARD
Soon we'll be singing
So Long!
This has been a Loop de Lupe presentation
So Long So Long
So Long
MENDES JUNE 1969

THERE ARE EIGHT MILLION STORIES IN *FORGET-IT-CITY*... EIGHT MILLION FACES...

BLAUGH. SLOMF.

SKRITCH! SCLUTCH!

THIS IS THE FACE OF *ELMORE SCUNGE*, MONDAY MORNING, 6 A.M...

YARGH.

BRUSHA BRUSHA

...BRUSHING HIS TEETH WITH... BRYLCREEM?

UGH. PTHOO! FUCKING SHIT...

SPLUCH

...AND HIS LOVELY WIFE, HORTENSE... HORTENSE IS ON A DIET...

UGH... YOU STINK... WHY DON'TCHA TAKE A BATH?

...UH... CAN'T FIT INTO THE TUB...

WE..., GO OUT IN THE YARD AND ... HOSE YOU DOWN...

ELMORE ALWAYS TRIES TO MAKE THE 7:05...

GODDAM COCKSUCK... SHIT... FUCK

PANT PANT PUFF

...TO GET TO HIS JOB AT THE DOPE FACTORY. OUR MAN COUNTS THOSE TINY LITTLE TIME-PILLS...

978,612 978,513... 978,6...

MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS...

...SALES OF DIMETHYLTRIPTANE, AS THIS CURVE SHOWS, ROSE SHARPLY AGAIN... BLAH BLAH...

THOSE HAIRY FREAKS ARE REALLY KILLING THEMSELVES... HEH, HEH HEH!

NOT ONLY THAT, BUT WE ARE GETTING RICH

SLAP

OH YEAH, BOSS... ABOUT THIS GUY SCUNGE... IT'S HIS 25th YEAR TODAY...

GIVE 'IM HIS GOLD-PLATED MONEY CLIP... AND TAKE IT OUT OF HIS PAY.

...BUT AT THIS MOMENT FATE TAKES A PERVERSE HAND...

KR-RACK

DOPE FACTORY

POOR ELMORE IS THROWN INTO A LARGE BIN, AND PINNED AT THE END OF THE CONVEYOR BELT...

FOOME

...AND THE SPANSULES KEEP ON...

AARGH. I'M CHOKING... HAVE TO EAT MY WAY OUT.

PUK PUK PUK

CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP!

SLOWLY, OUR HERO'S HEAD EMERGES... BUT, WHAT'S THIS?

SHEEE

CHEW CHEW!

IT!

'M STONED

WANNA SAMWICH.

I WANNA GLASSA BEER!

WANNA BEAT UP SOME QUEERS!

JUST THEN...

SCUNGE. THANK GOD FOUND YOU! THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS WANTS YOU...

ER, BY THE WAY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THAT...

FORGET MAN

ALL TOO SOON...

Y'KNOW, PRES... ALL A TIME WORK HERE, I NEVER TALK T' YA... NEVER EVEN SEE YA AN' NOW I'M FINE OUT YER JUST A REG'LAR GUY... JUST ANOTHER COCKSUCKER LIKE ME.

HOWZA BOUT WE GO FOR A GLASSA BEER AN BEAT UP SOME QUEERS? HAR. HAR HAR

HAR HAR HAR HAR

ELMORE YOU'RE A CARD!

SLAP!

HAR HAR HAW. HEE HEE HO...

HA HA HO HO WOTTA BURNER ON, UH...

YOU'RE FIRED!

ME?

YEAH, IT'S THE END... TOTALLY DUNCED OUT

BRAIN FUCK

PLEASE HELP ME...

CAN'T STOP MYSELF

BASH!

OH MY GOD...

SOMEBODY... PLEASE!

BASH!

OH GOD

CAN'T STAND IT

BASH! BASH! BASH!

OH! YOU POOR GIRL... I'LL JUST TAKE THAT ROCK AND...

BASH!

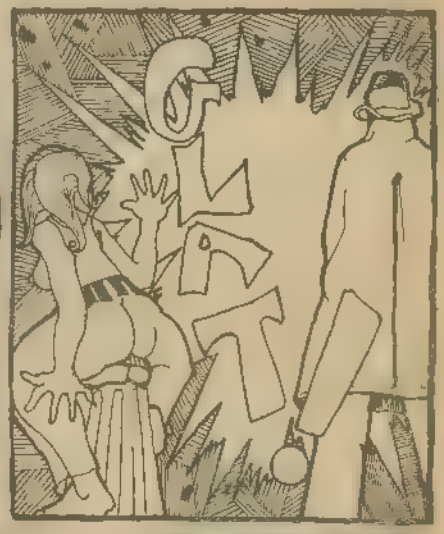
WOP!

PLEASE HELP ME...

BASH!

BASH!

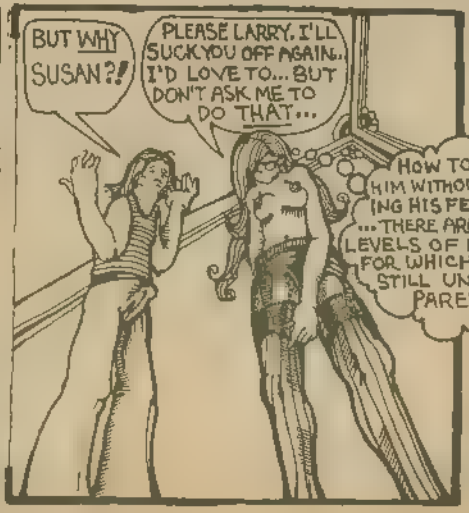
Tales of the Anarchist Crazies: BOOK ONE: THE TALE OF NELLIE NEATS



...MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER SECTION OF THE CITY...FRICTION ERUPTS BETWEEN SUSAN BLUE AND LARRY.

GUN AND PASSPORT COMICS
BE BRAVE OR BE FINE

The Lovers Depart from the Land of Death. •1969•



MEANWHILE! THE ARTIST REJECTS THE EGO-INVOLVED SUB-PORNOGRAPHIC FORMALISM, OBSCURANTISM AND MINDLESS METAFASCIST SENSATIONALISM OF MOST AVANT GARDE COMIX, AND ASKS...

IS IT POSSIBLE TO ADVANCE THIS MEDIUM TO THE POINT WHERE IT CONTAINS REAL HUMOR, ADVENTURE, SEXUALITY, THOUGHT...IN SHORT, GENUINE AESTHETIC EXCITEMENT?!!! WHO THE FUCK KNOWS!

STREET OF NIGHT

IMMEDIATELY ABOVE: "PICTURE" THIS IF YOU WILL: a little but womanly young girl is lying face down on a beautiful, soft surface, with her legs spread wide apart. She slightly elevates her buttocks and closes her eyes. Immediately her lover mounts on her: he lubricates her ass/hole with his tongue. While her fingertips spread open the lips of her wet pussy he sticks the head of his cock in to her cunt. She groans with pleasure. He shoves his cock all the way into her. She groans again. He slides his left hand between his belly and her ass and sticks his middle finger into her ass/hole up to the second knuckle. He pushes his right hand under her belly, to her cunt and, with his full weight pushing down on her, gently mass her swollen clit with one finger. He joins his dick in her ass and out of her, and this movement agitates her pussy. She grunts and she arches her ass and heaves her ass insanely. He comes, feeling his hot sperm shooting inside her belly, rolls her ass and arches her back and in an instant comes herself. Sperm and hot pussy juice pour out of her cunt around the root of his still plunging dick. The tiny muscles of her ass + pussy whole transaction is completed feels the contract around his finger + dick. This is all WITHOUT the use of drugs, those cornerstones of the new American Fascism...There! One hits said all about this that is right + proper!

WHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN:

AND NOW TO TEST THE TECHNIQUE AT LONG RANGE!...

...WELL FOLKS, IT'S A BUSY DAY HERE AT THE PENTAGON! THOUSANDS OF PEACE CREEPS ARE OUT FOR THE ANNUAL PEACE DEMONSTRATION...

TURN TO SHIT.

FEM

YES, THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER ARE HAVING A HARD TIME HERE ON THE STEPS! THEY...WAIT! WAIT!! WHA!.. THE.. THE...CROWD! IT'S GONE!!...N-NOTHING B-BUT A SEA! A HUGE SEA OF...GLOP!

LATER!! SUSAN BLUE PURSUES HER JOB AS SOCIAL WORKER FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMIC DEPREDATION.

HOW DOES YO' LAHK MAH ROACHES MISSY BLEW?! AH GOT DEM WIFF DE FUNICHOOR... SPESHUL...IN DEC'RATER CULLUHS!

I MUST BE CAREFUL NOT TO SHOW MY MIDDLE CLASS CULTURAL BIAS BY SEEMING TO DISAPPROVE OF HER TASTES!...

THEY'RE VERY DECORATIVE!

And shortly after the close of day, in the Rose Room of the White House, PRESIDENT NIXON relaxes with his wife PAT, who addresses him with words of gentile affection:

I DON'T KNOW DEAR... I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOUR PUBLIC IMAGE!

DON'T START THAT AGAIN. YOU JIVE FREAKSLIME SHITFACE, YOU! BESIDES...

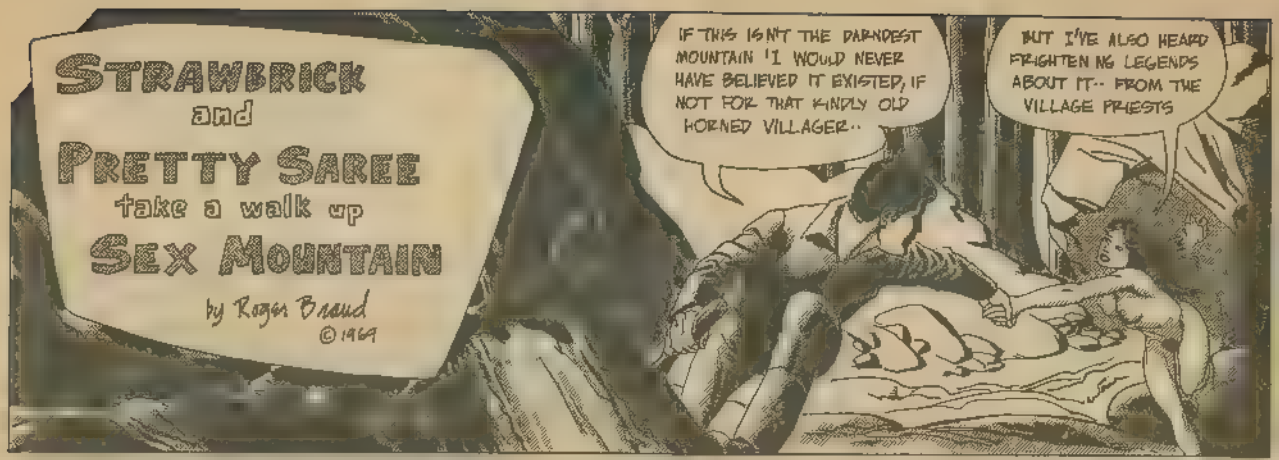
I'VE GOT A MAN WORKING ON IT!!...

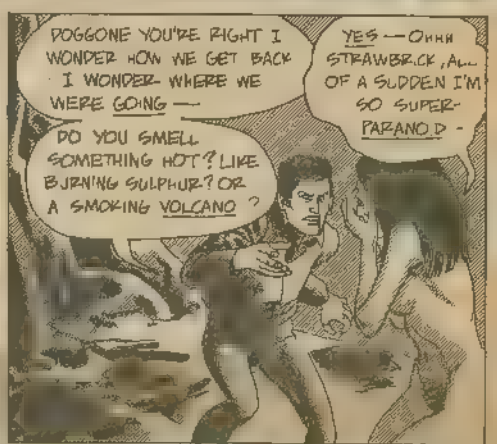
R. JACCOMA 1969

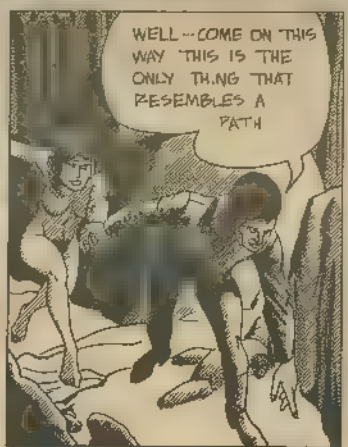
CONTINUED!!!

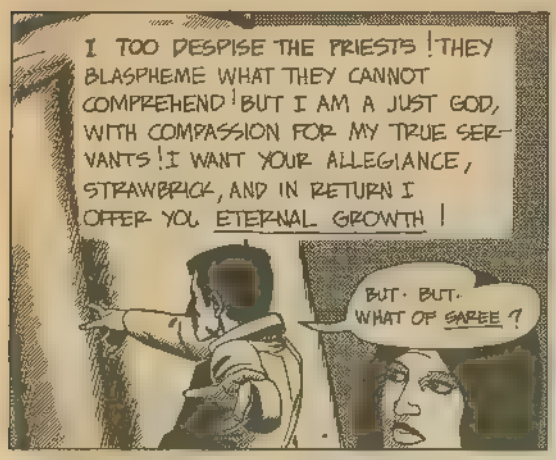
STRAWBRICK and PRETTY SAREE take a walk up SEX MOUNTAIN

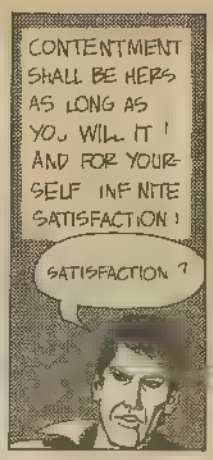
by Roger Braud
©1969

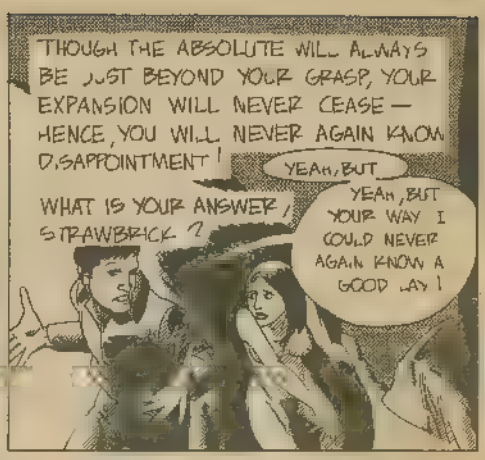







I TOO DESPISE THE PRIESTS! THEY BLASPHEME WHAT THEY CANNOT COMPREHEND! BUT I AM A JUST GOD, WITH COMPASSION FOR MY TRUE SERVANTS! I WANT YOUR ALLEGIANCE, STRAWBRICK, AND IN RETURN I OFFER YOU ETERNAL GROWTH!
BUT· BUT· WHAT OF SAREE?


CONTENTMENT SHALL BE HERS AS LONG AS YOU WILL IT! AND FOR YOURSELF INFINITE SATISFACTION!
SATISFACTION?

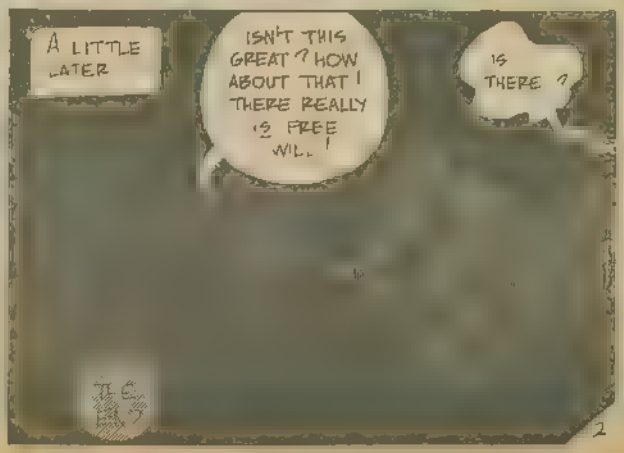

THOUGH THE ABSOLUTE WILL ALWAYS BE JUST BEYOND YOUR GRASP, YOUR EXPANSION WILL NEVER CEASE — HENCE, YOU WILL NEVER AGAIN KNOW DISAPPOINTMENT!
WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER, STRAWBRICK?
YEAH, BUT
YEAH, BUT YOUR WAY I COULD NEVER AGAIN KNOW A GOOD LAY!

HECK WITH THAT! WE CAME UP HERE TO SCREW
YOU DARE TO DEFY ME? YOU SPURN MY ADVANCE?

THEN BEWARE MY WRATH!!
RRRRU

MAN HEAD FOR COVER·
UMMMMBBLLRRRRUMB

BOOOOMMMM
·· I THOUGHT HITLER WOULD MAKE IT· BUT EVEN HE WAS TOO HUMAN (GURGLE)
RRUMBBLE
KRAKAKA

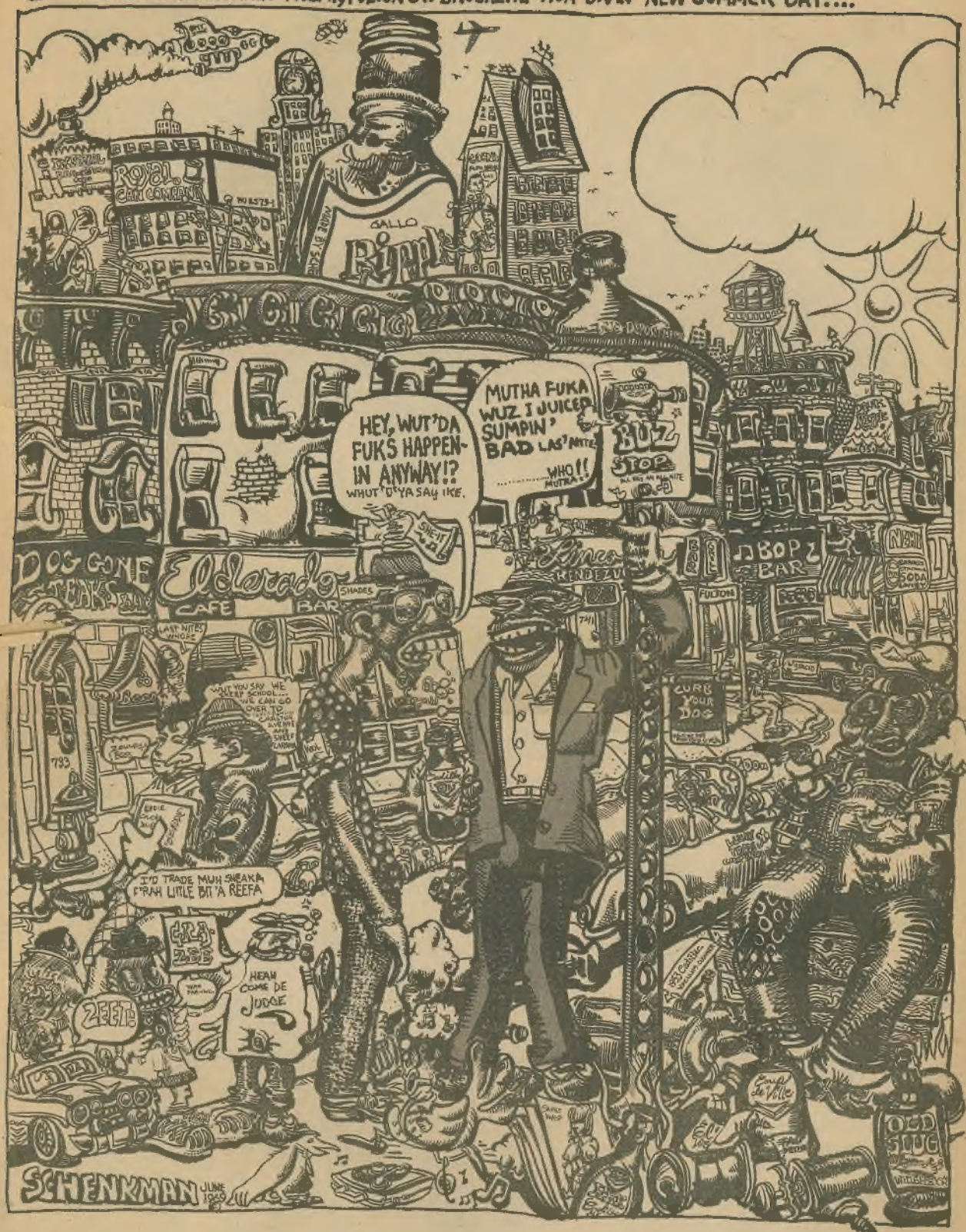

A LITTLE LATER
ISN'T THIS GREAT? HOW ABOUT THAT! THERE REALLY IS FREE WILL!
IS THERE?

HERE I GO, PETER... YOU GONNA SEE ONE WHOPPIN' POWERFUL DISPLAY OF WIZARD CONJURIN' LET'S SEE IF WE GETS A SATURN C BOOSTER WIF AN APOLLO CAPSULE... GOTTA TAKE A DEEP BREATH ..HAAAAA
GOSH!
ERRRR
ARH!
FLOP!
HUM DAT'S NICE, BUT I DON'T THINK IT QUITE WHAT WE WANTS.
OOOOH, A ENGL SK TOWN CHARIOT, MODEL 1746 WOW!
I GOTTA RECHECK MY MAGIC FORMULA HERE...AH...UM... YEP, JUST AS I THOUGHT, I MIXED UP A: HARVY BLUE PATTERN FO A ALPHA WILLIAM GREEN !!..HOW SILLY OF ME...LET'S TRY IT NOW...
MY
GET BACK, HERE! GOES AGAIN!
WHIRUK!
WELL, DAT'S STILL NOT EXACTLY A SATURN C WIF AN APOLLO ON ITS TOP, BUT I GUESS IT'LL DO. ...I BELIEVES I HAS CONJURED UP A-ONE-MAN, ANTI-GRAVITY MOON BEAM COMET GOOD! NOW I GOTTA GET YOU READY, KID.
ME!?
YEAH, YOU! YOU DON'T THINK FO ONE MINUTE I'D RIDE IN DAT PILE OF JUNK! -DAT'S WHAT APPRENTICES IS FOR IF YOU WANTS TO GROW UP TO BE A GREAT WIZARD LIKE ME YOU GOTTA EXPECT DA DIRTY WORK..
OH NO, I NOT GOIN' UP IN DAT THING!! I DO A LOT FOR YOU, MR. WIZARD, BUT...DAT'S... ASKIN TOO MUCH..... . ISN'T IT?...
I DON'T WANT TO, AH, INFLUENCE YOU DECISION, KID. YOU DON'T HAS TO GO IF YOU REALLY DON'T WANT TO. BUT IF YOU DON'T DO IT, I GONNA TURN YOU INTO A HOPPY TOAD!!
NOW THAT'S BETTER, PETER. YOU GONNA LOVE DA MOON ..HUM, I GOTTA SUIT YOUSE UP IN SPACE TOGS YOU HASTA' LOOK DA PART AN ALL ..I BETTER MOVE BACK A LITTLE IN CASE I ACCIDENTALLY BLOWS YOU UP
SNIF SNIF

X-TRACKSLEEN comix presents

DECENCY DAN WITH AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO ALL DECENT YOUTH ON HOW TO HANDLE THOSE TROUBLESOME FAR-OUT FREAKS!

GETTING HIGH EARLY MORNIN' FRIDAY, FULTON ST. BROOKLYN. ITSA BRAN' NEW SUMMER DAY....



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PANTHEA

By Jinna

And, so I am commissioned by the great millionaire collector, J. Ferdinand Hubris...

...to seek out this lion mutation called by your people PANTHEA and bring back... its PELT!

NEVER will my people help you! She-who-walks-like-a-lion is sacred!

DARKEST AFRICA TODAY... "WHITEY" HUNTER, FAMOUS ALBINO EXPLORER, ARRIVES ON A CURIOUS MISSION...

Superstitious fools! J.F. is offering me $50,000 for this beasts pelt! I must find PANTHEA!

Suddenly!

You called PANTHEA, white stranger?

PANTHEA?!? $50,000!!

White stranger smells good... natives all smell like Rhinoceros fat!

Oh, yes! PANTHEA LIKES WHITE STRANGER VERY MUCH!

!?!$50,000!?

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM
J.F. HUBRIS
NEW YORK CITY
ARRIVING WITH PELT
HAVE CHECK READY
WHITEY

Okay Hubris, where's my check?

Not so fast, whitey, where's my pelt?

LATER... J.F. HUBRIS' LUSH PENTHOUSE IN NEW YORK CITY...

...RIGHT HERE!

NEXT: The Big City!

ENTRANCE
DONT CROWD
FLIRTING
DANCING
THEATRES
TO THOSE IMPATIENT FOR A HURRIED TRIP TAKE THIS ELEVATOR WITH SOME OTHER MANS WIFE
SMOKING
PRIZE FIGHTING
DRINKING
CARDS
CUSSING
PLAIN ... FANCY
HORSE RACING
SUNDAY SPORT
LIFE'S IMPROPER NUMBER
WELCOME
RECEPTION COMMITTEE